

"BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES" BANK HOLIDAY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE TRENCHES AT NEUVE CHAPELLE:
THE TROOPS' ADMIRATION FOR HIS COURAGE.

9-119/44 X

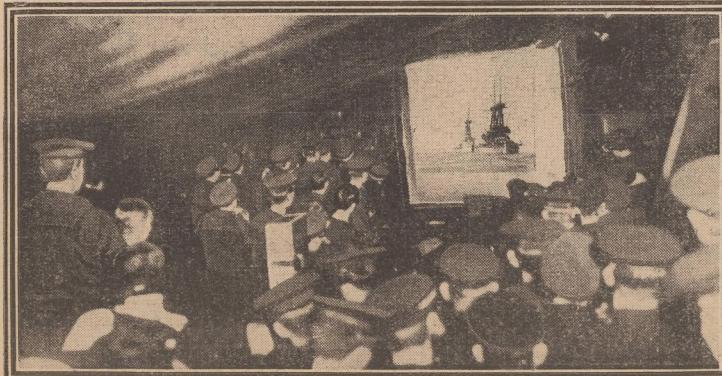


"He goes about everywhere, fearing nothing, and the troops admire his courage immensely. I think he makes more of his time than our old friend Crown Prince Willie, looting other people's belongings!" This is an extract from a soldier's letter

describing a visit of the Prince of Wales to the firing line. This drawing, reproduced by courtesy of the *Illustrated London News*, shows him in a trench near Neuve Chapelle. An officer is explaining the situation to him.

CINEMA SHOW ON A BRITISH WARSHIP.

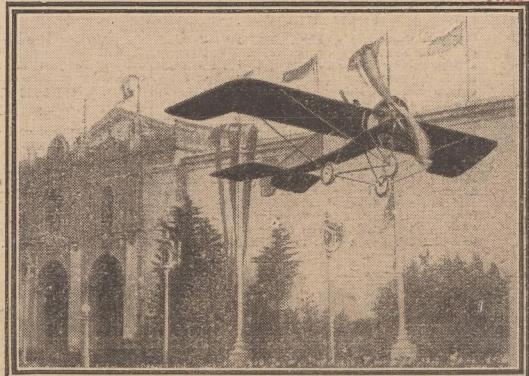
G. 119/44 A



Cinematograph shows are now being given on board certain British warships, and are much appreciated by the men, whose task of holding the seas is often a very weary one. The sailors, it appears, prefer good "comics" and Wild West dramas. The ship's band provides the incidental music. In this case they are looking at warships, surely a case of "coals-to-Newcastle."

AIRMAN'S FAREWELL WAVE.

P. 3430 P.



Lincoln Beachey waving to the crowd at the Panama Exposition as he started on his fatal flight. He was using a German Taube, which was found wanting when the supreme test came. He was looping the loop when the machine suddenly dived into the sea.

**NO MORE
HIGH PRICES
DURING THE WAR FOR**

**Would You
Like a Set of
BEAUTIFUL
TEETH
(equal to £5 5s. set)**

FOR 15/-

COMPARE THESE WAR TIME PRICES.

Ordinary Prices.	New War Prices	Reduction.
Complete Set Artificial Teeth £5 5 0	15 0	700 Per Cent.
Single Artificial Teeth - - 10 6	2 0	Over 500 Per Cent.
Painless Extractions - - 2 6	1 0	250 Per Cent.

Repairs, Stoppings, &c., Reduced in Proportion.

700 PER CENT. REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Everyone who has bad teeth—or even one tooth only that is bad or aching—will be delighted at the splendid opportunity afforded by the remarkable public-spirited offer of the most famous Dental Experts in London.

Instead of having to pay higher prices owing to the war, you actually pay much less than usual, and yet secure the highest skilled work.

The finest possible workmanship—the greatest possible dexterity, quickness and convenience—and the lowest possible charge, is the rule at any of the Williams' Surgeries during the war.

NO WAITING.

REPAIRS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
**COMPLETE SET FITTED IN
FOUR HOURS.**

Nor is there any waiting. You are attended to by a dental expert at once. The most skilled advice is freely given, and all extractions, stoppings, &c., are accomplished with an ease, speed and absence of pain that are amazing to those who have hitherto had to put up with the old-fashioned methods so often employed by even the high-priced dentists.

Repairs, too, are effected at once. If you are at present wearing artificial teeth and there is a breakage or defect you can have it put right while you wait. Even a complete set can be fitted up in four hours!

If you are feeling depressed with toothache, indigestion, nervous trouble, unpleasant breath, general bad health, or any other complaint due to bad teeth pay a visit to Williams's at once.

It will mean vastly better health and a wonderful improvement in appearance.

Make up your mind now to remove the handicap of decayed or unsightly teeth, and have them made sound and perfect at Williams's.

**WITHIN EASY REACH OF
ANYWHERE.**

Wherever you live there is a Williams Dental Surgery within easy distance. The West End, the North and North-East, and the Southern side are equally well catered for.

There is a Williams Dental Surgery in Oxford-st. (next to the Oxford Music-hall), another in Gray's Inn-rd., quite close to King's Cross, and yet another in Newington Causeway, a stone's throw from Elephant & Castle, S.E.

To these branches there is always a quick service of trains, trams, tubes and buses from everywhere. Country visitors, too, frequently take advantage of a trip to Town by calling at Williams's just as though on a "shopping round."

**WRITE TO-DAY FOR
FREE BOOK.**

If you cannot call conveniently for a day or two, send a postcard to Williams's nearest branch, and a useful and interesting book, "Good Teeth for All," will be sent by return of post. It tells you a great many things about your teeth, and shows how many thousands differ from bad health through no other cause than defective teeth.

Expert advice is always at the service of callers free of charge.

TEETH



**Repairs While You
Wait.**

**Teeth Fitted in Four
Hours.**

Easy Terms if Desired.

**Bridge and Bar Work
a Speciality.**

18 & 20, OXFORD ST.

Next Door to Oxford Music Hall.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

141, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.

293, GRAY'S INN ROAD,

KING'S CROSS.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Williams
DENTAL SURGERIES.

TREKKING ACROSS SALISBURY PLAIN: SOLDIERS LEAVE WINTER QUARTERS.

G. 1460



Another sign that spring is here. The soldiers forming the new armies are leaving their winter quarters, and the picture shows a long line of men marching across Salisbury Plain to their new camping ground. Every man looked fit and well, and

it was easy to see how they have benefited by the training and open-air life. This contingent came from a place seventy miles away, and marched the whole distance without a single man falling out.

TO SWEEP UP MINES. G. 35D



Launch of a mine sweeper at Selby, where work is proceeding as usual during the holidays. At the launch breakfast intoxicants were taboo.

KATHLEEN'S SCARF. G. 347



Bluejacket wearing the scarf knitted by a little girl named Kathleen. Admiral Jellicoe wrote her a letter.

HORSES DRAG TRUCKS. G. 1909



This is one method of transport employed by the Russians. The picture was taken on the plains of Poland.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SOLDIERS AT PLAY: 17th ROYAL FUSILIERS HOLD EASTER SPORTS.

G. 5666 F



A great number of regiments arranged to hold sports or football matches on Easter Saturday. A number of these fixtures will also be carried through to-day. The picture was taken at Upper Warlingham during the sports of the 17th Battalion of the

Royal Fusiliers, and shows Major G. W. Grant, the commanding officer, watching a stern pick-a-back struggle. There were a number of amusing events on the programme.

EASTER DAY OF SUN AND BLUE SKIES.

Crowds Spend Happy Sunday in Country Around London.

CALL OF THE DRUM.

A really fine Easter Sunday, with bright sunshine, blue skies, and a mild, summer-like air, was the unusual event which Londoners enjoyed yesterday.

It was an out-of-doors holiday. From an early hour in the morning crowds of people were leaving (usually on the tops of motor-omnibuses) for the country districts around London, where they spent a happy day basking in the golden sunshine.

The main roads out of London were crowded with motorists and motor-cyclists, all eager to make the most of the fine weather. There were boating parties on the river, while most of the seaside resorts were full up with visitors.

The great majority of Londoners, however, elected to spend the day in or about town, and the parks have never been so full up or looked so pretty.

London churches, so *The Daily Mirror* ascertain, have rarely had such large congregations as they had yesterday. The number of communicants who attended early celebration at the various places of worship was far in excess of the usual figures for Easter Sunday.

KHAKI PARK PARADE.

Hundreds of officers and "Tommies" were present at these early morning services—men, who, in a large number of cases, had just returned home from the front on a few days' leave.

In the parks and main thoroughfares of the West End and of Central London there was an Easter Sunday such as has never been known before. Bands were playing everywhere—in Trafalgar-square, the Green Park, Whitehall, Hyde Park there were the low, thrilling roll of drums and the shrill music of fifes and brass.

Recruiting sergeants, with the red, white and blue ribbons fluttering from their hats, were very busy "roping" in some of the young men who had been drawn irresistibly to follow on behind the marching bandmen.

It was difficult to "promenade" in Hyde Park yesterday owing to the packed crowds of fashionably-dressed people. It was essentially a khaki parade, set off by the light sunniness of the women.

WOMEN CLIMBERS.

WILKINSON, April 4.—Cragmen who assembled for Easter-day climbing at Wasdale Head, Dungeon Ghyll and Borrowdale, in the Lake District, found their sport much more exciting than usual, the gullies being packed with snow, in some instances to a depth of 30ft.

Full employment was afforded for ice-axe work on Great End and Scafell.

Several women were among the parties which tackled some very awkward climbs. A high wind rendered the more exposed climbs very dangerous.

CAPTURED BY A MELODY.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

PARIS, April 3.—The magic of a violin led to the capture of thirty German Poles by the French.

It appears that one night a French soldier named Henri Davenay, who left the Paris Conservatoire a year ago, and was therefore called "Le Virtuoso," destroyed a violin in the ruins of a chateau.

In a moment his deft fingers were running over the strings, and he began to unconsciously to play "La W. S. of Sowinski," a glorious battle chant to whose accents Poland rose in 1863.

Then loud, hoarse cries of approval broke the silence, accompanied by shouts of "Kamazaden!" The sleepers in the French chateau awoke to the sound, their rifles in their hands, towards the invaders.

Before them was a group of about thirty men in German uniforms, their rifles on the ground, and their hands held above their heads in signs of submission. They were streaming down their faces.

They had crept noiselessly out of their trench to surprise the men of the chateau, had killed the sentries, and were still lying low when the house when "Sowinski" War Song, bursting forth in the night, riveted them to the spot.

The happy "Virtuoso" had the honour of leading the thirty prisoners to his captain, and, violin in hand, announcing their submission.

"I SPEAK TO WISE MEN."

"The King has announced his own readiness to set the example, and with whatever influence my office gives me I desire to impress upon the Church and people the responsibility of 'yes' or 'no' which thus becomes ours."

So said the Archbishop of Canterbury in speaking of the war at Canterbury yesterday.

"To some of us the appeal is not new. I ventured more than five months ago to put it before the nation, but the urgency is far greater now, and the leadership offered to us is, so far as I know, unexampled in matters of the kind. To disregard it is a grave thing. I speak to wise men. Judge ye what I say."

Do not neglect to read the most powerful serial ever written, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," on page 11.

WAR-TIME CROSSING.

Woman's Story of Nervous Tension of Voyaging in Night Boat.

CHANNEL WATCHDOGS.

A pen picture of crossing the Channel in war time is given by Miss Carolyn Wilson of the *Chicago Tribune*, who came to Folkestone by night from Dieppe.

Of the journey on the boat she says:—

Men around me made jesting remarks about lifeboats and involuntary baths, and German detection camps, and the women—there were very few of them—sat in a drowsy way, trying to sleep in the little cabin where the sound of the moving waves came so clearly through the thin sides of the boat, and the thought was that a German torpedo-boat might come at any moment.

We were escorted by two torpedo-boats, one ahead and one behind, but owing to the faint mist that hung just above the top of the sea we were only visible at rare intervals.

Every light on the boat was extinguished and the curtains were drawn across the smoking-room windows. From time to time the low outline of the torpedo-boats showed as the mist lifted.

And we hurried, hurried, on to Folkestone. I suppose it was my imagination, but it seemed

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

Two hundred pounds was paid by *The Daily Mirror* for the wonderful photograph of the sinking of the *Falaba*. The photograph was taken by an amateur.

£1,000, £250 and £100 will be paid for the first, second and third most interesting war photographs from amateurs received and published between now and July 31.

An additional sum of £3,650 has been set aside to be paid out weekly for the best war photographs received from amateurs.

Films developed free. Names not disclosed. Editor's decision is final. Copy-right is vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

to me that we were going faster than usual. There seemed to be a sort of nervous tension, nervous haste, even about the boat itself.

Then, after stopping for an hour in a fog with whistles constantly going, there was full steam ahead again.

PUNCH HARD FOR BEAUTY

Expert Explains How Women Can Obtain Perfectly Modelled Arms.

"How can I develop a beautifully modelled arm?"

That is the question fashionable women are just now asking themselves.

For fashion's latest decree is that dress and blouse sleeves shall be worn very short and be transparent, thus a perfectly moulded arm is now the ambition of smart femininity.

"A doctor said," said a woman expert in these matters.

"The most valuable exercise for developing the lower arm is by pushing with force—plenty of physical effort," she states.

"It is a fact that the arms of shopgirls who push all day at a pneumatic tube for sending cash about, and the arms of houseworkers, whose tasks compel strenuous pushing every day, are perfectly modelled," she said.

"Every woman should make it her daily duty to push hard at a bag of sand or a punch-ball. This is admirable exercise for filling out the lower arms."

"But whatever the form of exercise, it is important to make the muscles tense."

"To do this the fists should be clenched or the hands stretched. Then the muscles should be fully relaxed."

"This must be repeated with the arms down, out at the sides, and up above the head. In this way a rounded lower arm and wrist will be developed and the general symmetry will be increased."

Mostly fair but cloudy or showery at times; no great change of temperature.

RUNAWAY GLORIES.

German Officer's Tale of Goeben's Noble Exploits.

"COLOSSAL ACHIEVEMENTS."

"And we did fight our way through."

These words, referring to the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* from the Straits of Messina, were taken from a letter published in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* from a warrant officer in the *Goeben*, who gives an account of the bold deeds of the two mad dog cruisers.

The writer, says Reuter, describes the run-away bombardment of Bona, in Algeria, and then tells how they came in sight of the infatuated and inflexible Gloucester and Weymouth in the Mediterranean, and ran full speed for Messina.

Attacked on their way thither by six torpedo-boats, they beat these off and reached Messina worn out. They spent the twenty-four hours they were allowed to stay in coaling, a French steamer meanwhile arriving outside the Straits to cut them off.

"While we were coaling," says the writer, "we received a telegram from the Emperor, which said: 'I am firmly convinced that the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* will be able to win through.' We threw all we could overboard and steamed out of harbour. Thirteen large ships and ten destroyers were waiting for us outside."

"There was a life and death run, and that can be your story, the French and British cruisers, which know how German seamen can shoot."

Then the cruisers ran the Dardanelles and were sold to Turkey, after which officers and men were employed to amend Turkish naval shortcomings due to the neglect of the British Naval Mission. The writer goes on to describe the following "colossal achievements" in the Black Sea:—

Attacked by Russian ships and sunk two. Won the Otranto, torpedo-boats and destroyed a gunboat, an auxiliary cruiser, three steamers and a coastguard ship.

Bombed Sebastopol and sank Russian "cruiser" *Pirat* (whose name appears in no navy list).

On November 18 put five ships of the line and two cruisers to flight.

"Now we are peacefully back in Constantinople," concludes the writer. "In the words of Bismarck, 'We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world.'"

TAXED HIMSELF.

How Lord Rothschild Recommended Double Income Tax with Heavier Super-Tax.

Mr. Lloyd George has issued a striking tribute to the late Lord Rothschild, in which emphasis is laid on his high sense of duty to the State.

"Although his interpretation of what was best for his country did not always coincide with mine," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "when the war fell upon us he readily and cheerfully forgot all past differences and endeavoured to do his best for the wide experience and knowledge of finance; but he never confined help merely to good advice."

"He was prepared to make sacrifices for what he genuinely believed in. It will, therefore, surprise no one who knew him to learn that he was one of those who recommended the double income-tax, with a heavier super-tax, for the war expenditure."

"He was essentially public-spirited. We need such men in this crisis, especially when they are men who have won dominating influence. His death before our troubles are over is a sad loss to the nation."

AMERICAN STEAMER SUNK.

COPENHAGEN, April 4.—A private message from Bremen states that the American steamer *Green Briar* has been sunk in the North Sea.

The crew were saved, and landed on the island of Fosher, on the west coast of Schleswig. It is not known whether the vessel was sunk by a submarine or not.—*Exchange Special*.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Mostly fair but cloudy or showery at times; no great change of temperature.

9:45



Rumanian infantry entrenched with Maxim guns. The Rumanian Army is now on a war footing.—(Central News.)

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL" EVERYWHERE.

Wonderful Easter Number That Beat All Previous Fine Records.

SEVEN SPECIAL TRAINS.

The most popular budget of reading in the kingdom yesterday was the grand Easter Number of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The circulation of this predominant Sunday paper was enormous. It beat all previous records.

Seven special trains, chartered at great expense, carried vanloads of copies to all parts of the land to supplement the supplies sent by ordinary train.

And even then, like Oliver Twist, the public wanted more.

WON PUBLIC FAVOUR.

No paper in the fourth week of its existence has ever won such a marvelous amount of public favour.

In every town and village in Great Britain the *Sunday Pictorial* was first favourite with the reading public.

Ireland was no less pronounced in her demand for the ideal Sunday paper, the orders from the four provinces being far in excess of those from London.

In London the sale was amazing. You saw the *Sunday Pictorial* in people's hands everywhere—in the streets, the parks, the tramways, cars, the omnibuses and the taxicabs.

One of the most interesting discoveries yesterday was the huge popularity of the *Sunday Pictorial* as a travelling companion.

NEWS STALLS WANT MORE.

Almost everybody journeying from London to the country or the seaside seemed armed with the all-dominating *Sunday Pictorial*.

One result was that every railway bookstall at the great London railway stations sold out early in the morning, and orders from the salesmen to the publishers were telephoned to the publishing office before midday.

It was a wonderful paper yesterday, and incontestably the finest that the staff of the *Sunday Pictorial* has yet produced.

But alluring though yesterday's contents were, the contents of the next number will be more alluring still.

Order No. 5, therefore, early in the week.

"MY FRIEND WIGGINS."

Professor Pares's Interesting Details About One of His Acquaintances at Front.

"My friend Wiggins is a very remarkable person. He knows what he doesn't manage! and it would be difficult to say what he does not know."

Professor Pares, the Russian "Eye-Witness," has much to say in praise of the many accomplishments of "Wiggins" in his latest account from the front.

"Wiggins," it seems, knows the history of the English Church far better than most English clergymen, and knows and understands the development of the English Constitution better than so no English professors.

He dined at the House of Commons in 1909, and his toast on that occasion was "To the glories and traditions of the Parliament of Great Britain."

Here is a brief summary of some of the other things which Professor Pares tells about "Wiggins":—

He has never lost heart when things went against him. Has liking for all that is venturesome. Is a good and brave man.

Has an innocent predilection for anything that partakes of the military. Sits and collects all the military telegrams. Has quiet, resourceful mind.

Reads answers and private correspondence from British to his powerfully.

Reads letters found in fox's trenches. Questions prisoners and fixes movements of enemy's troops.

Goes up in aeroplanes and looks after them.

Wiggins will write for *Illustration*. "Please send me more books on the period of translation from Constitutionalism to Parliamentarianism." He is thought a good judge of English short-horned cattle, and hopes to send his son to Winchester.

"Wiggins's" English, learnt in childhood, is of the most da-ing and comprehensive kind, and runs to the writing of doggerel verse.

RESCUE SHIP WRECKED.

Early yesterday the passenger and cargo steamer *Don Hugo*, owned by the Rio Tinto Copper Company, went ashore to the west of Port Talbot Dock entrance. An effort to tow her off failed, and her cargo was to be discharged.

The steamer became a total wreck at Birling Gap near Eastbourne during a gale and rain, and became a total wreck. Captain Willcox and the crew were able to reach the shore in their small boat, a portion of their clothing only being saved.

During a thick fog the Dutch steamer *Flora* (500 tons), from Amsterdam, in ballast for coal at Swansea, went ashore on the beach at Devonport. The *Hawthorn* and *Brake* rocket crews and the Clevedon lifeboat went to her assistance, but it is feared that the *Flora*, which rescued men from the *Ahousir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue*, will become a total wreck.

ALLIED AIRMEN HURL BOMBS ON GERMAN POSITIONS IN FLANDERS RAID

British Flying Man Forced to Land and Taken Prisoner.

LOOPING PEGOU'D'S SKY VICTIMS.

Germans Making Fresh Concentration of Troops Near the Dutch Frontier.

FRENCH PROGRESS IN THE WOEVRÉ—VILLAGE TAKEN.

Air raids and bomb-dropping expeditions now apparently form part of the every-day duties of flying men at the front.

Among the further exploits reported yesterday was a bomb-dropping raid by the Allied airmen during a scouting expedition over Flanders.

Bombs were dropped, it is reported, near Aalter and Thieft. There is also a report of the capture of a British airman.

He was forced to land, it is stated, between Malines and Herentals, and was taken prisoner by the Germans.

Although yesterday's French official statements only mentioned the capture of a village, the Germans are apparently concentrating big forces near the Dutch frontier.

There is a great number of men in Ghent, but their destination is unknown. Heavy gunfire has been heard from Dixmude.

HUNS CAPTURE BRITISH AIRMAN IN BELGIUM.

German Troops Concentrating Near Dutch Frontier—Heavy Firing at Dixmude.

AMSTERDAM, April 4.—The *Telegraaf* learns from Turnhout that a British airman has been forced to land between Malines and Herentals and was captured by the Germans.

The same paper learns from Sluis that fresh German troops have been concentrated nearer the Dutch frontier than before.

A great number of troops are now in Ghent. Heavy gunfire was audible from Dixmude all day yesterday.

Allied airmen reconnoitring over Flanders dropped some bombs in the direction of Aalter and Thieft.—Reuter.

PEGOU'D'S THIRD CAPTURE.

PARIS, April 4.—On Friday M. Pegoud, the famous French airman, brought down a Taube in the region of St. Menehould.

This is the third aeroplane brought down by the celebrated airman since the beginning of the war.—Exchange.

Pegoud was the first exponent of looping the loop in the air.

VILLAGE CAPTURED BY FRENCH.

PARIS, April 4.—To-night's official communiqué says:

"The day has been quiet on the whole front except in the Woevre, where our progress has continued."

We captured the village of Rognievile, west of Fayenay, which was occupied on April 1.—Reuter.

BRITISH PRISONERS' LOT.

The following official statement was issued last night:

The Foreign Office understand that, on the whole, there have been great improvements at the Ruhleben camp during the last weeks.

The chief disadvantage we bear is that the supply of bread has been reduced, but, as the entire work of the kitchens is now in the hands of British subjects, the allowance of meat and other food, which we are entitled to receive, is far in excess of what was formerly the case.

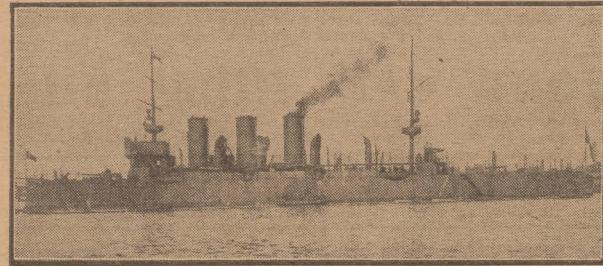
All those persons who are unable to support themselves—and over 2,000 come under this category—have lately received four marks (4s.) per person per week from the British Red Cross Fund. This is now being increased by one mark.

It should also be added that the sanitary arrangements at Ruhleben are to be greatly improved and that a much larger space is to be allowed for exercise and recreation.

PIRATES SINK COLLIER.

A Plymouth message states that the British collier City of Bremen, from Port Talbot, was torpedoed and sunk off Land's End yesterday. Four of the crew were drowned and thirteen saved.

The survivors, including the captain, were landed at Penzance by another vessel. So quickly had the crew to leave that they were unable to take away their personal belongings.



The Turkish cruiser Medjidieh, which founded after striking a mine.

BULGARIANS CARRY OFF SERBIAN WOMEN

Sixty Killed and Fifty-Three Wounded in Fierce Frontier Fight
Were Raiders Bribed by German Gold?

Bulgarians and Serbians have been in fierce conflict.

A strong force of Bulgarian Comitadjis made a sudden attack on a Serbian blockhouse and on the railway line near Stroumiza, on the extreme south-west frontier of Bulgaria and Serbia. After a fierce struggle some success, but in the end they were defeated.

What is the meaning of the raid? Is it purely a local occurrence or is Bulgaria, which recently received a loan of £6,000,000 from German bankers, rushing to support Germany?

While European opinion recognises the gravity of the incident, it does not incline to the latter view. Paris and Rome believe that the Bulgarian Comitadjis were paid by Germany to make trouble, and it is suggested that they were led by Austro-German agents, disguised as Bulgarian officers.

The *Giornale d'Italia* publishes an interview with M. Restich, the new Serbian Minister in Rome, in which the latter states that his impression was that the incident was caused by bands who were paid by another nation, while a number of the Bulgarian Comitadjis were cleared by the *Tribo* that the incident was nothing but a local occurrence. "The relations between the Governments of Sofia and Nish are excellent," he said, "and Bulgaria is loyally observing the duties of neutrality."

This is borne out by a Central News message from Rome yesterday, which states that, according to a telegram from Salonika to the *Tribuna*, the Bulgarian-Serbian frontier is settled, and the Bulgarian Comitadjis have been paid to give satisfaction to Serbia and to punish those responsible.

The army of Bulgaria is one of the most efficient of all the smaller European nations. Its strength is as follows:

Peace strength (officers) 3,900

Peace strength (men) 62,000

War strength (total) 340,000

Owing to the care with which railways have always been built in Bulgaria, her forces can be rapidly concentrated on any important strategic front.

60 SERBS KILLED IN RAID.

NSN, April 4.—The following semi-official statement is published here:

Reports have been received that a strong band of Bulgarian Comitadjis has been sent in from the Balkans to fight.

During their incursion the Bulgarian Comitadjis spread among the frontier villages and compelled the inhabitants to remove to Bulgaria with their goods and cattle.

They forced the inhabitants of several villages to follow them, and men and women, with their beasts, were seen proceeding in a column into Bulgaria.

Our losses are sixty killed and fifty-three wounded, of which five are officers.

NO ESCAPE FROM WARSHIPS' SHELLS.

How terrible was the effect of the Allied warships' bombardment of Chanak, Kalem, one of the Dardanelles forts, is told by the correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, quoted by Reuter.

He says he was sitting in a café when there was an ear-splitting roar caused by the explosion of a shell from a warship.

"Then, without delay," he writes with unconscious humour, "to the fort, to a safer point of observation.

"The thunder of the guns becomes louder every minute, the very air quivers and houses totter.

"It is hardly advisable to ascend the tower to-day, for should we fly into the right and left of it, we seem to have no place from which one can watch with any degree of security."

"The apparent destruction of the fire on the ground around the tower obliged us to think of covering our tower with a wall, but just as a shower of stones and rubbish and the acrid fumes of explosives told us we had better move elsewhere."

"But where, for twelve miles round, was there any spot from which we should be able to laugh at these death-vomiting shells?"

9/10/39

RUSSIA WINNING IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Reported Austrian Admission of Withdrawal from Dominating Mountain Positions.

2,100 MEN CAPTURED.

In the Carpathians the Russians are continuing to advance slowly but surely, and at any moment the Austrian resistance, which is weakening, may collapse entirely.

Telegrams from the front convey the impression that the Austrian situation is desperate.

According to one report yesterday the Austrians admit having had to withdraw their army from the Beskid region.

In the Beskid region of the Carpathians lies the Dukla Pass, one of the main gateways into Hungary.

VITAL POSITION LOST?

AMSTERDAM, April 4.—The following official communiqué was issued in Vienna to-day:

The presence of large Russian reinforcements arrived from Przemysl has compelled the Austrian Army to withdraw from the Beskid region.

Such a withdrawal would mean that the Austrians have had to surrender some of the most important of the Carpathian passes.

RUSSIANS' GREAT SUCCESS.

PETROGRAD, April 4.—A dispatch from the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief says:

On the front to the west of the Niemen fighting is developing greatly in our favour.

Our troops have taken the Avaryn and Suwalki and are pursuing them.

In the Carpathians, on April 2, we gained a great success north of the roads leading to Bartfeld and south of Medzaborg and Ostrowka.

We captured on the Carpathians' front more than 2,000 men, three guns and three machine-guns.

In the Zaleszitsky region the Austrians essayed the offensive, but all their attacks completely failed.

On April 3, in the Gulf of Odessa, a Turkish cruiser, believed to be the Medjidieh, struck one of our mines, blew up and sank.—Reuter.

The Medjidieh was a light cruiser of 3,330 tons, completed in 1904.

PATH TO HIGHEST RIDGES.

VENICE, April 3.—The war correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna telegraphs that constantly increasing forces of Russians are making superhuman efforts against the Austrian centre in the Carpathians along a line of over forty miles. A violent combat has now been raging for several days without producing any change in the general situation.

The heights on the northern declivities of the Carpathians now constitute the chief object of the Russian attacks, as they open a path to the highest ridges.—Reuter's Special.

MAGPIE CRUISER'S DASH IN SNOWSTORM.

Prinz Eitel Friedrich Reported To Have Attempted Escape from British Warships.

NEW YORK, April 5.—The Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* says that the Prinz Eitel Friedrich has made a dash for the sea.

The officials at Washington on inquiry admit having heard the report.

As a blizzard is raging along the coast and the telegraph wires are broken, Washington is unable to get any confirmation of the report.

Mr. Daniels, Secretary of State, has sent a wireless message to the Norfolk Navy Yard in order to ascertain the truth and make an immediate report.

The sailing of the Lusitania has been postponed on account of the departure of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich.

Cannard officials state, however, that the postponement is on account of the storm.

Mr. Anthony Drexel and others have transferred to the American liner New York, which saw sighted promptly this afternoon.—Central News.

The Prinz Eitel Friedrich, North German Lloyd liner, which was converted into an auxiliary cruiser and armed at the port of *Virginia* early in March to coal.

She had 350 persons on board, removed from ships she had sunk. While at sea she was painted white on one side and black on the other.

BRITISH SHIPS FORCED AWAY.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The *Evening Sun* states that, according to private advices, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich sailed at 10 a.m. to-day. No confirmation is obtainable.

It is known that the Prinz Eitel Friedrich had completed taking in all her supplies yesterday. British patrol ships reported that they had been forced to steam further away from the harbour entrance, owing to heavy seas. The weather was very thick.—Exchange Special.

ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
has expressed Her fullest sympathy with the
objects of the Voluntary Recruiting League.H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
His Royal Highness is pleased to note that the entire profits of the sale of
the pamphlet will be devoted to the furtherance of recruiting."HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA
has assured us of Her sincere interest in the aims
and objects of our patriotic movement.**HOW EVERYONE CAN HELP THE COUNTRY***"I have never read any statement of the Nation's case which is more admirable; it would
be impossible to find one."* —Rt. Hon. the EARL OF KINTORE, G.C.M.G., P.C., A.D.C.**The late FIELD-MARSHAL The EARL ROBERTS**, a few days before his deeply
lamented death, wrote to the Founder and Hon. Secretary, telling him how greatly he admired his
liberality in starting the Voluntary Recruiting League.**"THE RECRUITING TIMES,"** the official organ of the VOLUNTARY RECRUITING LEAGUE, has
inaugurated a very simple competition by means of which, with practically neither trouble nor expense, every reader
of this paper can help in the best possible manner—that is, by assisting recruiting.**£500 VALUE in PRIZES.****First Prize, £50.****Second Prize, £40.****Forty-Eight other Cash Prizes from £30 downwards.**In addition to the above, **"THE RECRUITING TIMES"** offers Competitors who advise friends to send in Lists,**£50 Extra Cash Prizes.***Names and addresses of friends recommended must not be sent in until after the close of the competition.***ONE CLEAR CALL**

Make up as many British words as you can (consisting of two or more letters) out of the letters in the words "ONE CLEAR CALL," the title of a pamphlet of which 450,000 copies have already been issued. The letter L may, of course, be used three times; E, C and A twice. Words spelt the same, but having more than one meaning, only count as one word. Names of persons and places are not allowed, nor are contractions, abbreviations, hyphenated words, scientific or technical terms. If in doubt about a word, don't write to us—add it to your list. If ineligible, we will cross it out. No dictionary must be used. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of eligible words sent in. As only a few words—probably a dozen or so—under these conditions can be made, and as there will be no division of awards, the chief prizes will most likely go to those who send in their lists early.

A VALUABLE SOUVENIR**Will be Presented to Every Competitor whose List Contains more than 30 Words.**

It is possible that thirty words may gain the First Prize of £50 or one of the fifty cash or other awards. But no matter whether the sender of thirty-one or more words gains a cash or any other prize, he or she will receive a souvenir which, under ordinary conditions, could not possibly be obtained for less than one guinea. As a matter of fact, in many instances, £5 5s. and, in one or two isolated cases, £10 10s. has been paid for this very article. The only condition is that winners send us what the Kaiser calls a "scrap of paper," stating that they will exert their best endeavours to further the aims and objects of the Voluntary Recruiting League.

WHY WE STARTED THIS COMPETITION.

This is not a competition by a commercial firm for commercial gain. If a million persons competed there would not be a penny profit to any individual, but there would be a big gain to the country. The League has gone towards purchasing copies of "One Clear Call" and distributing them among the Voluntary Recruiting League's many thousands of willing helpers whose districts cover the whole of the British Isles. Thousands of youths and men from John o' Groats to Land's End and from North to South of Ireland have joined the colours after reading or hearing extracts read from "One Clear Call," or after seeing the League's four-colour, six-sheet lithographed poster representing an infantryman, larger than life size, with a bugle sounding the "One Clear Call."

WHY IT ONLY COSTS 1/6 TO COMPETE.

The amount of P.O.'s sent by competitors (if they send 1s. 6d. each, which is all they need do) will probably not pay the cost of the Prizes—£50—and there is the price of this and other announcements to be taken into consideration, besides the cost of the copies of "One Clear Call" to be printed and circulated.

We have estimated that if every competitor forwarded a crossed P.O. for 5s. it would just about cover expenses, but we know that to several people five shillings is a great deal of money, more than they can possibly afford. Therefore,

We have stipulated that no one need send more than 1/6, so that every reader of "The Daily Mirror" without exception, can afford to enter this Competition.

"THE RECRUITING TIMES" hopes and trusts that wealthy and generous-hearted competitors who enter the contest will enclose far more than a crossed P.O. for 1s. 6d.; for what they send they give to the country and for the nation's good. Not one penny goes into private pockets. The founder of the League has paid away and made himself liable for over £2,000 already, and expenses are still being daily incurred. The result of all this expenditure of time and money means only one thing: recruits, more recruits, still more recruits.

"I have read 'ONE CLEAR CALL.' It is entirely true, absolutely convincing, overpoweringly compelling. Get its appeal into the brain and heart of young Britain, and our ranks will be filled in a month."**Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, M.A., D.D. (Head Master of the Leys School, Cambridge.)****HOW TO MAKE A START.**

1. Write out all the everyday words you can make up, according to the conditions above stated, out of the words "ONE CLEAR CALL"—the words themselves cannot, of course, be used.
2. Head the sheet on which you give the list of words with your name and address in full. On the top right-hand corner give in bold figures the number of words you have succeeded in making. Below your address give the date and time of dispatching. At the foot of your list state here if any word that I have not used or indirectly taken any advantage from, the use of a dictionary. Enclose in an envelope addressed exactly as given below. Please note this carefully.
3. With your list send a crossed P.O. for 1s. 6d., the cost of distributing copies of "ONE CLEAR CALL." If you can afford to send more please do so. It will be gratefully acknowledged in the Press.

SEND IN YOUR LIST AS SOON AS YOU CAN, ALTHOUGH THE COMPETITION MAY NOT CLOSE BEFORE APRIL 10.**The COMPETITION EDITOR, The Recruiting Times, 9, Empire House, Piccadilly, London, W.**

ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL ONE CLEAR CALL

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1915.

THE TWO PARTIES.

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, sight of a long stream of leisurely moving people pouring out of a certain football ground led us to hope and to believe that it may well be possible for similar streams of people similarly constituted to pass on the whole a very pleasant Easter Monday to-day. Why not? We have heard many of them say: "What's the use of making oneself miserable? It doesn't do any good, does it?" You certainly cannot answer that amiably meant remark, which, however, has on those who happen to be worried absolutely no recuperative effect whatsoever.

The worried know quite well that it does no good to worry, but the knowledge has upon them the effect not of removing the worry, but of increasing it. A sort of mutual toleration might then, at this stage of the war—Easter Monday—be required of the rival parties: let us call them, for convenience, worriers and footballites. Instead of the worriers blessing Heaven that they are not as the footballites, and asking the footballites how they can do it, let them salute them in passing and say: "Lucky fellows, to feel like football and Bank Holiday just now!" And instead of the footballites and Bank Holiday-makers condemning the worriers as voluntary and determined saddeners of the public mind, let them salute them as they file along the streets and say: "Good luck, you fellows, sorry you don't feel like coming with us." So both sides may be pleased and Easter Monday may pass without the recriminations between Englishmen that have in the last week perhaps needlessly added to the general distress.

Football then for the footballites, on Saturday and to-day; and for the worriers, worry. Let everybody choose.

And is there no other choice?

Why surely—may not the worriers a little mingle with that crowd sauntering through the holiday streets? May not they strive, humbly, sincerely, to catch a little of that fine careless rapture that seems to remove for the footballites all preoccupation save of their incomparable sport? For worriers it is, we conceive, extremely important to learn the footballites' secret, to watch them and to ask how they do it, and what is the reason of their nonchalance.

Is beer their secret?

If so, it will not do at all. In one form or another most of us have tried it—to no permanent purpose.

Look into the pewter pot

To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
The mischief is 'twill not last.

So we have always found.

What, then, of a more permanent virtue than beer makes them feel like football?

No virtue, nothing positive—say rather the absence of a vice. They have no imagination. Have they friends at the front? Surely many must have. Then they feel certain all's well with them and trouble no more about it. Are they risking ruin financially? Some don't look as if they had much to risk. All the happier for them! In any case, they are living for the moment—which to-day is holiday, Easter Monday, football.

We only doubt sometimes—a mean doubt—whether any of them have friends out there after all. And have our bland intellectuals any—our primitive Christians and our Shavian ignorance-experts? Have they friends at the front? No doubt they have. We must be charitable and believe it. This footballism and that intellectualism meet in one point—they have risen superior to their troubles. And we must add that they have risen superior to other people's troubles also.

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

WAR AND NUMBERS.

JUDGING from the attitude of most of your correspondents, it would seem that we are at last beginning to realize the full significance of birth and death rates and all that they mean for human welfare and progress.

If, as so many of us hope, the end of this war is to be the beginning of a happier era for mankind, we must see to it that the fundamental causes of strife, both between nations and between individuals, should be, as far as possible, removed. Science teaches us that the most important factor in the struggle for existence is the scarcity of the necessities of life in comparison with the number of living beings there are born. Throughout the animal kingdom there

bones of the nation) to have fewer, to compete with their "bettters" on fairer terms. It is sad to see a poor couple starving eight or ten children when they might have reared three or four fine, healthy Englishmen who would have been a credit to them, physically, mentally and morally.

Castelnau-gardens, Barnes, S.W. W. R. B.

DRINK.

WHY THIS absurd fuss on the subject of abstinen-
ce from alcohol?

Men are held up to admiration, as if they were the martyrs of old giving up their lives for their faith if they merely give up alcohol. What is there noble or self-sacrificing in giving up

WAR AND EASTER.

Reconciliation of Christian Teaching
With the Call to Arms.

KILL OR BE KILLED?

WHATEVER may be the opinions we hold concerning the teachings of Jesus Christ, we must, if we be sincere, admit that Christianity and war are distinctly opposed one to the other.

There is no justification whatever in the New Testament for Christians taking up the sword, whilst there is certainly much teaching to the contrary, and the teachings of Jesus were demonstrated by His life. By the lips of the apostles and the early Christians. Jesus prayed for His murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." A Christian is one possessed of the same spirit.

From a Christian point of view it is less evil to be killed than to kill. "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

The teachings of Jesus Christ were, however, intended for the individual, for His disciples, and are not applicable to nations, because there is not, nor has there ever been, an absolute Christian nation. Christianity has yet to be tried on a national scale. It might then be proved that the God who overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea, and delivered the Israelites (without their ever striking a blow) still reigns omnipotent.

A. H. HASSELL.

'LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.'
HATE is always, and will always be, a boomerang which will not hurt the object thrown at, but will come back with double force on the thrower. Love gives compound interest.

We do not necessarily hate the people we punish; for instance, we don't hate the men in Dartmoor, but we keep them there just the same. Love does not breed of hate. If Germany has a special hymn written on the subject, don't advertise it; it will hurt Germany only.

So it is up to the Allies to give Germany her due punishment in full, so as to eradicate the war—i.e., militarism. Then give Germany back to the German people.

BENJ. P. JAGGER.

'THE LETTER KILLETH.'
IF WE translate the command to "love" our enemies into a command not to oppose injustice and oppression, we shall be "loving" the aggressor at the expense of his victim.

Christianity is a positive, not a negative, creed—it teaches doing, not merely not-doing, and it teaches justice to both friends and enemies—justice, without which love can have no foundation but sentiment.

Love cannot mean allowance of wrong which it could prevent. It is no more a Christian duty to give place to the determination of a nation bent on conquest than it is to give place to the determination of a gang of thieves to rob a bank.

I have tried in vain to get from those of my friends who consider all war as an abomination of hell that France could have been saved if Great Britain had abstained from armed interference. No one has had the courage to say plainly: "We ought to have abandoned them rather than fight." I have also tried in vain to get a reply to my question, "What ought the Samaritan have done if he had come up while the thieves were assaulting the man?"

PRACTICAL.

IN MY GARDEN.

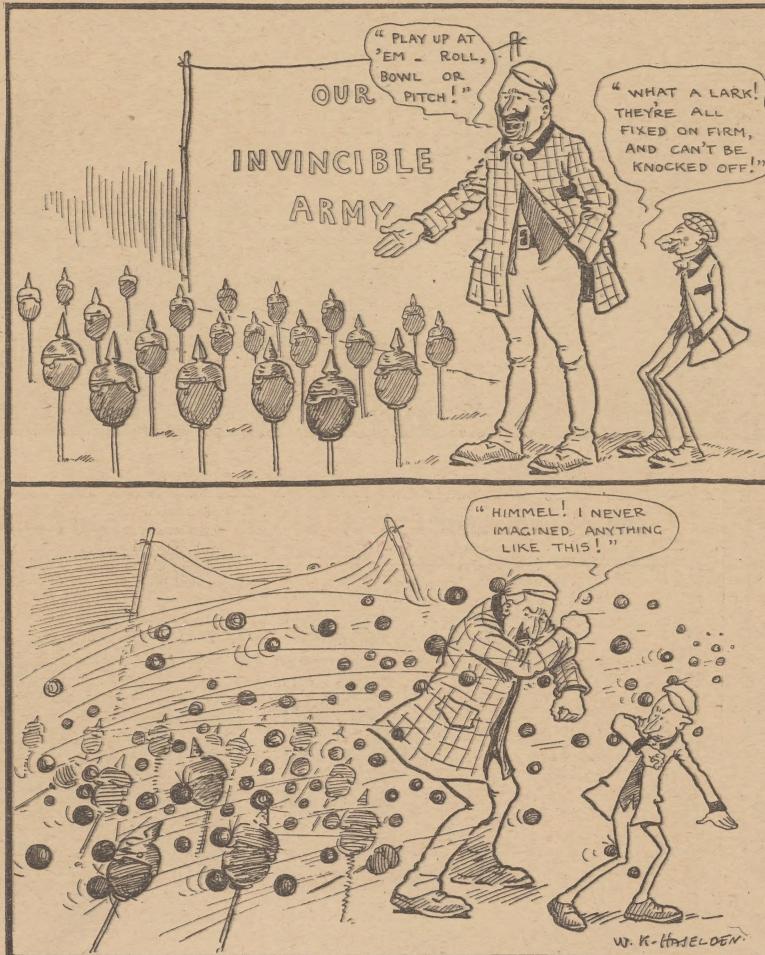
APRIL 4.—It is not too late to sow sweet peas, but the seed should be got in as soon as possible. Sweet peas are generally grown in rows, but it should be remembered that they look very decorative in clumps of one variety.

Seed sown last month will be coming up now. Gently loosen the soil when the young plants are up, and protect them from birds.

Sweet peas raised in frames may be planted out soon in prepared ground.

E. F. T.

"GETTING MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR."



When Big and Little Willie set up their coconuts and boldly invited half Europe to have shies at them they thought they had fixed the coconuts so firmly that they could not be knocked over. But the response to their invitation was more vigorous and numerous than they anticipated. — (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

is practically always a pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Mankind alone possesses the power of abolishing this pressure by means of an intelligent control of the birth rate.

Though this control has of late years been steadily spreading among all classes of the community, it has not yet been sufficiently exercised (especially among the very poor) to abolish poverty and want.

As soon, however, as nations and individuals regard it as a duty that no more children should be born into the world than can be comfortably supplied with the necessities and some of the minor luxuries of life, the fundamental cause of the disastrous struggle between nations and of the equally real, but less noisy, struggle between individuals will have been abolished.

A.L.A.

I THINK your correspondent, "A Lover of England," is quite right to point out that many who are urging the poor to have more children than they can afford take care to have very few children themselves, in order to "educate them properly for their sphere of life"; but the remedy is not, as he suggests, to ask these comparatively useless people to have more children, but to urge the poorer classes (the back-

alcohol?) No animal drinks it. Why should a man be considered almost a demigod for doing so whilst the animal is called only a brute?

Alcohol drinking is a stupid custom which the human race has, unfortunately, got into, and it is only a return to Nature to give it up. X.

WISDOM IN SORROW.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.
The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

And trust—al if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

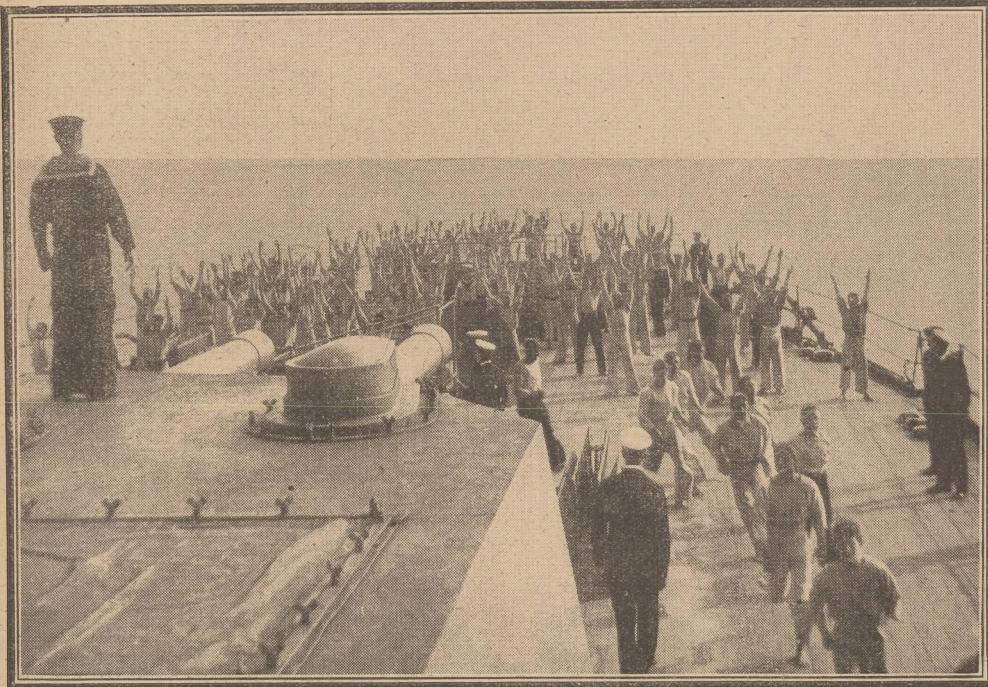
—A. A. PRESTER.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

WAITING FOR THE WEATHER TO IMPROVE.

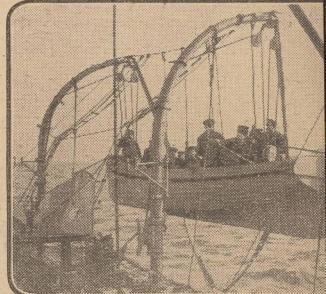
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The crew of H.M.S. Triumph keep themselves fit by doing physical drill on the deck of their vessel. The Triumph is now outside the Dardanelles, and is waiting until the weather becomes more favourable for a resumption of the attack on the forts.

WITH THE BR

9.1411 A



British cruiser's cutter about to be lowered, men have stopped a steamer, and are going to mine her cargo.



This picture was taken on board a British ship a great way from home.

FALABA DISASTER.

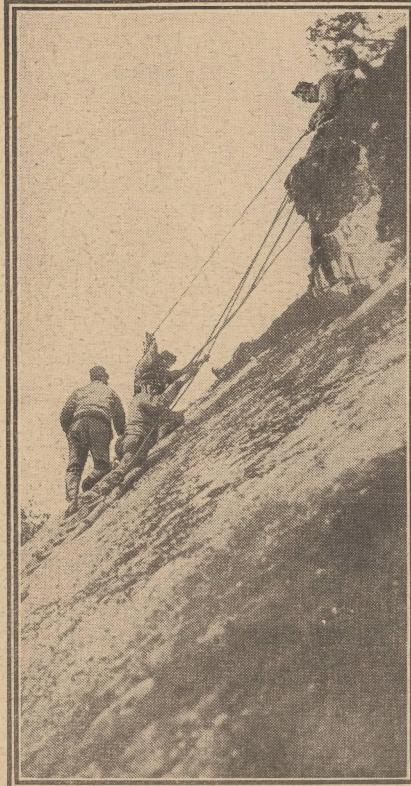
P. 14190



Lieutenant L. H. Massy, who lost his life in the Falaba disaster. He was to have been married shortly.—(Swaine.)

SWISS ENGINEERS' TASK.

G.70



Engineers of the Swiss Army making a road over the mountains to facilitate communications. They are preparing for all contingencies.

MOTORING—THE POLISH STYLE.

G.11909



Team of horses dragging a motor-car in Poland. The roads are frequently only mud tracks, and this is the easiest way out of the difficulty.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

A BRAVE SERGEANT.

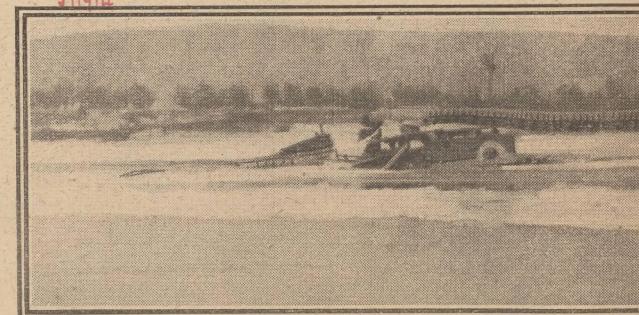
P.14190



Sergeant-Major Raven, a Territorial, who has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He is in the 1st Herts.

RUSSIANS LOSE SIX TRANSPOR

G.11914 M

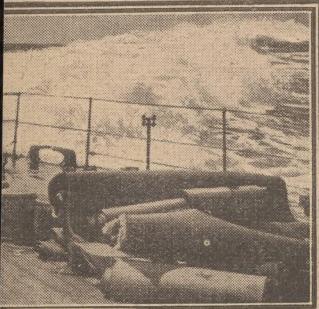


Whilst taking troops across the Vistula the Russians sustained some losses, and six steamers out of a fleet of thirteen were sunk by the enemy near New Alexandria. The picture shows

NAVY AT SEA.

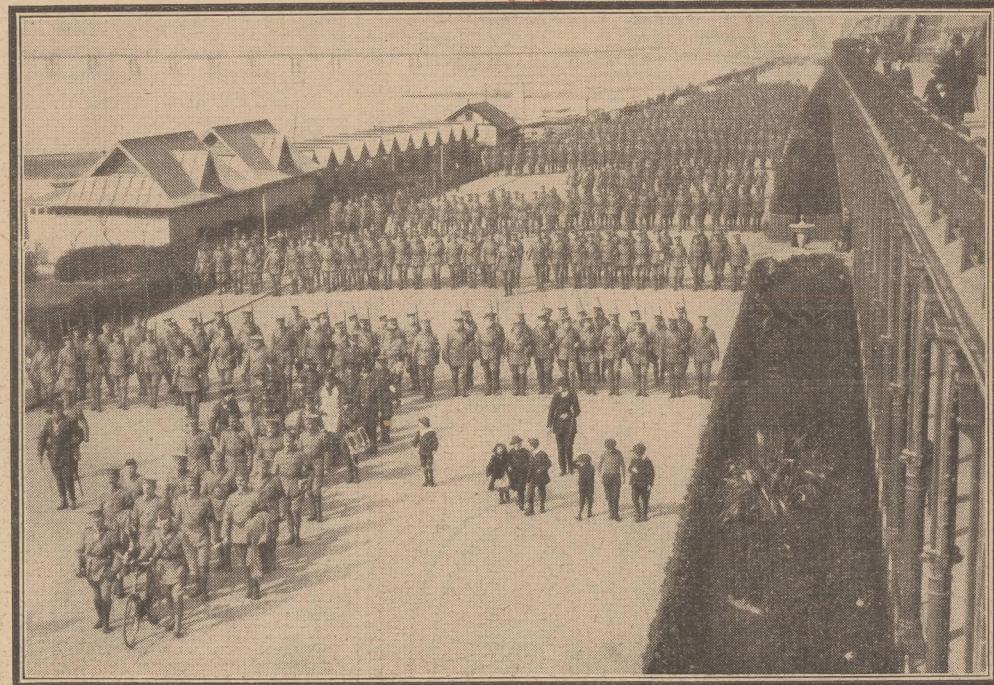


gun-layers practising while patrolling. They never get out of practice, and are always ready to "greet" the enemy.



It was travelling at full speed, and shows the stern.

CITY BUSINESS MEN IN KHAKI AT BRIGHTON.



There are no greater enthusiasts than the veterans of the City of London National Guard, who are spending the Easter holidays in training at Brighton. The Guard is composed of business men, and has been organised for home defence.

HUNS' POLICY OF DESTRUCTION.



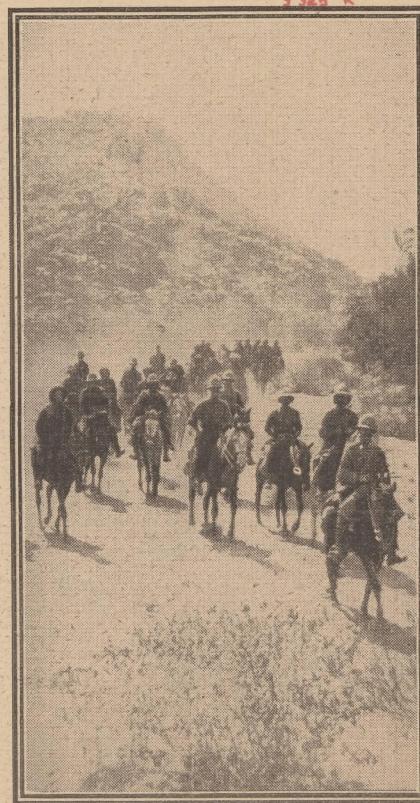
Ruins of Yosewof after the German bombardment. Poland has suffered almost as much as Belgium, as the Huns have spared nothing.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

HILE CROSSING THE VISTULA.



One of the vessels. It will be noticed that there is still a great deal of ice on the river.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SKIRMISH IN AFRICA.



British force entering German South-West Africa near Raman's Drift. A skirmish followed, during which the enemy were driven from their positions.

TO WED NEXT WEEK.

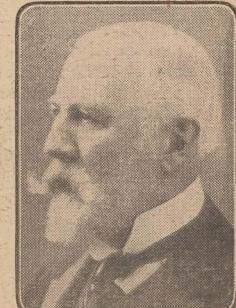
P. 14180



Miss Kathleen Pearl Birch, who is to be married on Monday next to Commander G. C. Dickens, R.N.—(Swaine.)

OFFICIAL RETIRES.

P. 14180



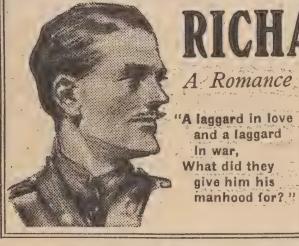
Mr. H. Montague Bates, chief of the public health department of the London Corporation, who has just retired.

There is a full synopsis given to-day, so that you can begin this great story at once. It is the most powerful and human serial ever written.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"



New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his clubroom. He is not really a slacker, at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of him self.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them, in particular, is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him... He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after... After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a sudden fit of rage. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merrim's, with Sonia, to play cards.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Richard is very angry. Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, and when he goes to Sonia's sick bed and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Inadvertently old Jardine lets out to Lady Merrim that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very upset. Old Jardine sends for Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells Sonia sneeringly. More hurt than she will admit, she tells Montague that she will marry him whenever he likes.

* * * * *

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. The next day she nearly runs into Chatterton. He sees her, but does not stop. It is brought more and more home to Sonia how much she realises him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—and as the train moves out she faints.

The nurse—her name is Anderson—helps to get Sonia back to the hotel, where she has a silent collapse.

In the troop-train Richard Chatterton is told by a fellow-soldier that an old gentleman and a girl had been looking for him at Waterloo. "The old fellow called her 'Sonia,'" he adds.

Chatterton is dazed at the news. It is almost unbelievable. A thousand times he asks him self why Sonia came to see him off. Was there any hope? His heart beats quicker at the

thought. Back in the trenches, he still keeps torturing himself with the same feverish thoughts and possibilities.

THE INFERNO.

WHEN Sonia went to bed the night following Nurse Anderson's visit to the hotel she stood for a long time looking out into the night.

The rain had ceased, and a soft breeze blew from the west, chasing away the remaining clouds.

Now and then a sudden rift in their billowy softness revealed a pale, cold-looking moon shining down on the still, wet world... "Was it the night like this somewhere in France?" Sonia wondered as she stood there in the darkness. Did the moon look down with cold face at the horrible sights the fleeing clouds revealed—the slaughter and suffering and death... ?

She thought of a picture she had seen recently in an illustrated paper of a crowd of laughing "Tommies" snugly ensconced in a trench, smoking their pipes and boiling tea in billy-

Was that the sort of life? Richard Chatterton was a slacker? he wondered. And for the first time a small, troubled doubt crept into his mind as to whether that picture had been a true representation.

Somehow she could not imagine such a scene with Chatterton as one of the actors—could not picture the man she had known with his fast-twitched teeth, well-kept hair, laughing it in the midst of supreme discomfort, drinking an apology for tea out of a not over-clean can... She smiled a little at the very thought.

And yet—at that very moment, Chatterton was enduring something infinitely worse than over-brewed tea and confined space which cramped his long limbs.

Up to his waist in mud and water, chilled to the bone—aching in every limb—he was one of a subnormal crew of pale figures, facing death in the darkness and rain.

To right and left bare skeletons of ruined cottages, where the guns had completed their work of destruction, stood like blind sentinels staring into the darkness.

For a little the terrific bombardment of the guns had lessened. It almost seemed as if from sheer exhaustion they had paused to take breath. The silence was almost unbroken, save for the sharp ping-pong of the snipers' bullets.

To Chatterton, weary and stiff, there was something more nerve-wracking in this silence than the roar of battle, than all the previous thunder and fury of the day... ?

Scraps of conversation reached him from time to time from the men on either side of him, sometimes with an accompanying laugh—sometimes with a sort of rough wifeliness... ?

Once he caught the word "London"—a magic word that carried with it a shaft of pain.

"London... It sounded to him very much like the name "Fairland" sounds to a child; as something wonderful and far away of which he may only, dream and never dare hope to see... ?

He shifted his position a little, releasing the numb fingers of his right hand from his rifle.

For a moment he thrust them into the breast of his tunic, trying to warm them a little... "London... it seemed a hundred thousand years since the train had steamed out of Waterloo to the accompaniment of ringing cheers. Surely he had lived through a century of nightmare horrors in the days that had dragged away since then.

The man next to him, who had told him that Carter was wounded, spoke suddenly, with a weary attempt at levity... ?

"Sultry, isn't it?"

Devoid of all hope, they laughed a little. A bullet whizzed past, and instinctively both men ducked.

"We're both new to the game, apparently," said Chatterton. He had not been able to see his companion's movement, but he had felt it through the darkness.

The silent fell once more. Chatterton's brain was weary and half-numbed with want of sleep. The strain of this trend war was telling on him. He was sure that it had been when he first came out to France that something like a physical impossibility not to yield to the awful temptation to lie down and sleep.

He thought about Carter and wondered if it were indeed all over with him. One of the best Carter had been. His mind wandered away a little vaguely... ?

It only the night would pass! An hour gone twice as long when it was dark, and surely he had never seen such dark nights as these were out here—nights like sheets of blackness, split here and there with tongues of flame.

His mind wandered away, back into the past, to the summer months and Sonia... ?

In imagination he again walked the beautiful gardens of Buvelier with her at his side... of course, all this nightmare discomfort was a dream, he was bound to tell himself, closed eyes and find himself back there in the sunshine... ?

But his eyes had never been closed; he was just the continual staring into the darkness that had made him fancy that they were... ?

His fingers gripped his rifle more tightly; with a sort of desperation he turned to the man beside him... ?

To talk seemed the only possible way to keep

little to draw breath and bring in their wounded.

Chatterton, looking about him with dazed eyes, wondered how any of them had come through that awful night alive; the ground was strown with hundreds of dead and dying; a little shudder convulsed him, as he realised that any one of those poor, helpless bodies might have been his own.

Bad Cross men were moving swiftly about, bringing in their sad harvest; Chatterton's head had been roughly bound by a first-aid man; it throbbed a little, and the dried blood felt stiff, but for all that he knew himself unharmed.

Surely some of them must have charmed lives; surely some of them had been singled out by Fate for special favours; perhaps some woman at home had been praying for them during those awful hours.

Chatterton thought of Sonia... unconsciously her name had been on his lips all night, though he would have said that he had had no time to think—no time to do anything but shoot to kill... ?

Was he to be spared to see her again, after all? Was he still to have one moment face to face with her? one moment in which to ask the question that seemed to be eating his heart out with impatient longing... when he had come to Waterloo that night? Had it been to see him?

Now the horror and excitement was over for the moment he realised once again how weary he was... ?

Sleep! That was the only thing in all the world worth having just then—to pitch down where he stood and sleep and sleep was all that would now give him relief.

But there was to be no respite yet; there were terrors to be rebuked and a hundred precautions to be taken against the success of another such attack.

Chatterton found himself doggedly working with the rest. His back felt as if it were breaking. His unused muscles seemed to be cracking beneath the strain. But what did that matter? How cold one even thought of bodily weakness in the face of such ghastliness as a possible defeat?

Biscuits and bully-beef were served out, and by midday an unexpectedly warm sun had mounted high in the sky and drawn some of the damp out of the trenches.

A man with a bandaged face was patiently trying to induce a kettle to boil over a fluctuating fire of rags and paper. Now and then a pair of twinkling eyes would peer up from the bandages and cheery Irish tongue consigned the war and the whole of the German Army to the "divil—bad cess to them!"

Chatterton was at last free to get a little sleep, huddled uncomfortably against the trench-head; but now the chance had come he felt too weary to rest. His brain seemed particularly alert and wide awake, even though his body felt weighted with chains of exhaustion. He lay there, his head on his arms, his face in his hands. In spite of the kindness of the sun, he was chilled to the bone. Incongruously he remembered a day—not so very long ago—when he had been caught in the rain in London and got slightly damp... ?

The fuse he had made when he reached his rooms! The way he had hustled Carter round to prepare a hot bath and mix him a toddy... it all seemed very ludicrous and childish now.

He sighed a little sigh of retrospect and moved his shoulders to a less uncomfortable position.

There was a slow trickle of water going down his back from somewhere. He swore softly under his breath.

"What the . . ." he began; then stopped, for the man bending over him was Carter—the man of whom he had been thinking a moment since.

"Carter... Chatterton was up in an instant. His eyes were full of unfeigned delight; he gripped the man's hand heartily. "I heard you'd been wounded—and badly, too... Must have been some other fellow with the same name... Gad! I'm dashed glad to see you!"

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir..." Carter's voice was as unemotional and punctilious as ever it had been in London. He had never been able to change his manner towards Chatterton, even though he were no longer master and servant, but both privates in the same regiment, enduring the same hardships and sharing the same dangers.

"I'm glad to see you back again, sir... ?" he added.

He would have been laughed to scorn by his comrades had they known that at that moment the thing that most hurt him was the sight of Chatterton's worn, blackened face and mud-stained clothes.

The way he longed to be able to administer to his master, even while the man in him longed to clap that other man on the back and say, "Well done!"

He produced some cigarettes with indifference and offered them to Chatterton.

"I've plenty more, sir," he apologised. "They're sent to me from London, sir... ?" Miss Markham's maid—"I hesitated. "I beg your pardon, sir—I should have said Mrs. Montague."

Chatterton had been in the act of taking the proffered cigarettes. He let them fall unheeded to the earth at his feet. He turned round very slowly, almost as if he found movement difficult, and stared down at the man's expressionless face.

"What did you say, Carter?... ?" Mrs. Montague.

A little flush tinged Carter's pale cheeks. His homely eyes filled with acute distress. For the first time in his life he stammered as he spoke.

"I beg pardon, sir—I thought you must know, sir—seeing that you've come from London so recently. Miss Markham's maid told me herself—she writes to me occasionally, and I had a letter this morning in which she said that Miss Markham was married to Mr. Montague two days ago."

There will be another splendid instalment of this great story to-morrow.



Lady Derby.

A Week of Weddings. Weddings follow Easter as surely as summer follows spring, and all through the coming few days marriage and giving in marriage is going to occupy the world—our world of London, that is—war or no war. Twenty-four important weddings are arranged for this week. Chief of them, of course, is that of Lord Rosebery's son, Mr. Neil Primrose, with Lady Victoria Stanley, Lord and Lady Derby's daughter.

An Hereditary Hostess.

Lady Victoria Primrose, as she will be before sundown on Wednesday, should make a good hostess, if heredity counts for anything, for her mother, Lady Derby, knows how to entertain better than most women.

The Double Duchess.

Lady Derby has often acted hostess to the King and the Queen. She is said to inherit her hostess's art from her mother, who was Louisa Duchess of Devonshire, the "double duchess," as she was called. She was a daughter of Count von Alten, of Hanover, and married first the Duke of Manchester. After his death she married the eleventh Duke of Devonshire.

Exiles at Prayer.

No Easter Sunday within memory, I should think, has seen the churches so crowded as they were yesterday. The statement applies to all denominations, and the reason for this seriousness is not far to seek. The most impressive sight I saw was at a little church much frequented by foreigners; and here there was a constant stream of Belgian worshippers from the early hours of the morning.

A Touching Spectacle.

Anything more moving than the sight of these homeless people leaving their church with streaming eyes I never want to see. For them hitherto Easter Sunday had been a day of good cheer, the end of a period of self-denial and the signal for a modest carnival of joy. On their grief-stricken faces yesterday I could easily read that all had prayed in unison for but one gift, the rapid liberation of their tortured country.

No Holidays for Officials.

In passing into Parliament-street yesterday I noticed that the War Office was still a hive of human industry, for at several windows in that vast building officials and clerks could be seen at work.

Sunday Labour in Whitehall.

Since the outbreak of war the clerks at the Admiralty and the War Office have had the busiest time of their lives. Pass up Whitehall any Sunday evening and you will see lights in the windows of every room of these historic buildings. Behind those blinds you would find hundreds of men working at high pressure.

Ballin's Easter Egg.

One of the Kaiser's closest friends has received a nasty knock in the failure of the American Mercantile Marine Company. It is an open secret that Herr Ballin, of Hamburg-American Line fame, was behind the plot to obtain German control of this concern, and the appointment of the Reect will about complete the ruin of this pushful little shipping magnate.

A Willing Victim.

Ballin made himself acceptable to All-Highness by pandering to the imperial fondness for practical joking. "The most abject and trembling of your Majesty's subjects now addresses you," he cried when rung up by the Kaiser on the telephone. "How is that?" sharply questioned Majesty, scented some misdemeanour. "Because I came from my bath, just as I am, to answer your call."

The Merry Kaiser.

The incident put the great man in a rare good humour. It provided him with a story that he could retail for days afterwards. And it ensured for the tactful Herr Ballin a remarkably gracious reception when he called on his royal master on business the nature of which is now only too familiar.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Busy Day.

Saturday was for me a day of theatres. I had to "put in" three; to be accurate, one and two part performances. But still, since I had seen all three shows before, it made it easier.

They "Get Across."

I spent a pleasant afternoon with the Belgians at the New Theatre. What struck me most forcibly about them in "La Flambée" was the way in which they get the atmosphere across the footlights, as the actor of olden times would say. There is a tremendous contrast between the light, airy, inconsequential after-dinner talk in the first act and the serious inquiry about the murdered spy in the last.

Two Houses a Night.

In the evening I did "Veronique" and "Sealed Orders" impartially. I started at Drury Lane, went along to "Veronique," and came back to see the finish of the airship and end happily.

Friendly Criminals.

I liked all the desperate criminals of Drury Lane. "Sealed Orders" is full of fine actors, men and women. Mr. Ronald Squire, in the part of Cagliostro, acted an American better than it ever has been done by an Englishman. He even ran Mr. Hale Hamilton close. There wasn't the usual exaggeration, proof of this being that a friend of mine from California asked me if he wasn't an American. Miss Muriel Martin-Harvey was in the first row of the stalls, an interested and appreciative observer of his performance.

The "Discovery."

As for "Veronique," of all the recent revivals I think Messager's tuneful opera is most deserving of appreciation, for good music by modern composers is scarce enough nowadays. Miss Dorothy Waring, the "discovery," from the Guildhall School of Music, made her début on Saturday night.

Looks Like Running.

She has a rich, appealing soprano voice, and, although a little nervous, quite justified all the promises made for her by her "discoverers." Mr. Henry Desfreney, the Belgian baritone, shared the honours of the evening with shy Miss Waring. "Veronique" is destined for a long run, I think.

Eleven in Twenty Days.

Not only weddings, but new theatrical productions tumble over one another in the days that follow Easter. In the next three weeks there are eleven new shows or revivals due in London's theatrical bill of fare.

Been Tried Already.

Among the forthcoming shows is Miss Agnes Craysdale's "The Half Sister," which is due at the Apollo next Monday night. "The Half

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Sister" has already had a trial trip in the provinces, and the cast includes Miss Mona Harrison, Miss Netta Westcott and Mr. Lawrence Robbins.

Some Pay."

One of my readers evidently has a taste for arithmetical gymnastics. "Regarding the wonderful picture appearing on the front page of Wednesday's *Daily Mirror*, for which you paid £200, it is interesting to figure out the rate of pay earned by the photographer," he writes. "It can be estimated that the exposure would be 1/50th of a second at the outside. This, of course, represents the time actually used to secure the picture, and on that basis works out at £36,000,000 per hour!"

Are There Others?

A local man informed me that a pair of these birds have for some years lived in this small field, and added that it was the nearest spot to Charing Cross where the lark could be heard. But there may be other and nearer skylarks in London. One can never exhaust the unexpectedness of the place.

Waiter Stories Bored Him.

He was a Flight-Lieutenant over from the front on Easter leave. Club talk ran on the number of German soldiers able to speak English, and he looked bored. As an illustration, one of the circle told a story of the German prisoner who turned out to be his own pet waiter at the Savoy Hotel, and the airman looked more bored than ever. Then he broke into narrative.

A Bold Aero-Hun.

"I was up after a fellow," he murmured, "and I noticed his bus didn't seem to be carrying him well. He didn't dare to clip a corner. Soon I got near enough to discover the reason; he was flying without ailerons. Of course, the German type of machine loses its fine stability without the wing-tips. The chap was at my mercy."

No Tips Allowed.

"In a few minutes I was within range and got my revolver ready. Luckily for him I recognised him just as I was going to fire. He was a man who had often waited on me in London. Wonderful sense of discipline, those Germans have. After a couple of years at the Popular he thought it was quite the proper thing to go flying about without any tips."

Soldier Author.

Who says that life in the Army is hard? I heard of a man yesterday who has found time during his military training in the past few months to write a successful book. He is Captain R. W. Campbell, of the Scots Fusiliers, and his book,

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Captain R. W. Campbell.

"Private Spud Tamson" is already making hundreds of people laugh over the quaint doings in the "Glesca Mileshy."

Travelled in a Kilt.

Captain Campbell is a wanderer. He comes from the bleak Western Highlands, and before he was twenty he was fighting in South Africa with the Black Watch. When peace came this youthful warrior took up another struggle, that of journalism. Then he went to Canada, and began a famous tour of 50,000 miles in a kilt.

Written in Billets.

Captain Campbell came home a few months before war broke out, and because he felt that war was coming he applied for a commission in his present regiment. Now he is combining his two callings, soldiering and writing, for the "Spud Tamson" was written in billets.

America's First Secretary in Turkey.

I see that President Wilson has appointed Mr. Lewis Einstein to be First Secretary of the American Embassy in Constantinople. Mr. Einstein has had wide experience in the American diplomatic service. I remember him, a tall, slender, scholarly-looking man, when he was Third Secretary of the American Embassy in London ten years ago.

Diplomatic Jews.

Like his chief in Constantinople, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. Einstein is a Jew. Jews have served the United States as Ambassadors to Turkey for many years. Mr. Einstein is a linguist and the author of many books. Mr. Einstein's family have contributed notable members to American public life for several generations.

London Skylarks.

The variety of wild birds in London seems greater than ever in this war year, but I had not known until yesterday that wild skylarks might be heard singing within the three-mile radius. Yet I saw and heard one, high above a piece of untenantend field not many yards from Herne Hill Railway Station.

Turn to page 11 and read "Richard Chatton, V.C."

It is a remarkable story which will hold and fascinate you.

Lord Lisburne.

Lord Lisburne has been appointed from the Reserve of Officers a lieutenant in the Welsh Guards, I see. The appointment is appropriate, for the young Earl, though holder of an Irish peerage, is Welsh of the Welsh, and his family, the Vaughans, have been associated with Wales for seven centuries. His home, Trawscoed, or Crosswood, in Cardiganshire, came into the family in 1200, and ever since the property has been held by Vaughans.

Lord Lisburne.

Married a Chilean.

Last summer Lord Lisburne married Mile. Regina de Bittencourt, the dark, attractive elder daughter of M. de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilean Legation, and the event was of exceptional interest, being probably the first time a British peer had chosen a bride from Chile. M. de Bittencourt is very wealthy, and Mme. de Bittencourt has been in the front rank of diplomatic hostesses.

A Long Minority.

Their daughter had a handsome dower, and Lord Lisburne is by no means badly off. He had a minority of fourteen years, and, though he sold a considerable portion of the forty odd thousand acres which comprised the family estates, the proceeds had been judiciously invested.

New "Belgian" Stamps.

Ever on the look out for new sources of revenue, the German Government is dangling before stamp collectors all sorts of weird experiments in stamps. The latest is a new issue of "Belgian" stamps. I have not yet seen any of them, but the Berlin *Tageblatt* says that the Berlin General Post Office in the Koenigstrasse has been besieged for the last three or four days by philatelists.

Money Out of Reverses.

Certainly the German is not a sentimentalist. He is at all times ready for a little deal, and Germany's Colonial misfortunes are no exception. It is quite a common thing to see advertisements pointing out that German Colonial stamps should be bought at once.

Colonial "Rarities."

The reason boldly given is that "Colonials" will soon be rarities. Which is only too true. Some idea of the jump in prices may be gathered from last week's quotations. The German Guineas five mark (5s.) stamp sold for £1 15s., while Kiao-chau stamps are hardly obtainable.

Veteran Cricketer's Patriotism.

Veterans of the cricket field are not to be outdone in patriotism by their younger brethren, and now I see that Sir Timothy C. O'Brien—famous some twenty odd years ago as a dashing Middlesex player—has been appointed a superintendent of Remount Depot with the temporary rank of major. "T. C.," as he used to be known, is a member of that band of cricketers who have done some immortal deed in the Varsity match.

The Wrong Kind.

Unfortunately, Sir Timothy's immortality was of the wrong sort. He achieved a pair of spectacles! The cricket baronet was ever a great favourite with the crowds, for his methods were of the Jessopian "get-on-and-get-out" order. He also possessed the common gift of being able to bowl with both right hand and left.

To Fit the Clothes.

I hear that most of the men's costumes for a coming musical production have been brought from America, and that the men for the chorus have been chosen to fit the clothes. A novel idea, any way. THE RAMBLER.

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Sir T. O'Brien.

French and English Soldiers Cured of RUPTURE.

1,000 Readers to be Treated FREE OF CHARGE.

Remarkable Letters and Generous Offer to Sufferers.

Rupture—that most painful, weakening and dangerous complaint can now be painlessly and easily cured without cost or obligation. Over 1,000 readers are now enabled to receive this marvellous treatment free of charge.

The treatment acts continuously by day and by night, without the slightest interference with your usual habits of living.

Two remarkable letters from the Fighting Line show how this discovery has completely cured an English soldier and a French soldier.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

This is what the English soldier writes:—

"1st Wiltshire Regt., 6245 (Private), February 3rd, 1915.

"To the Stuart Plaster Pad Co.,

"68, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

"Dear Sirs.—It is only fair to let you know that since my Plapao-Pad System

succeeded after all other appliances and treatments

failed. I have been at the front and have luckily survived, though severely wounded at Ypres. Very shortly I hope to be in the fighting line again, and thought you would like to know that there has not been the slightest recurrence of my old trouble. You have my thanks for putting and keeping me in good condition.—Yours faithfully (signed)

"RICHARD J. MATTHEWS.

FRENCH SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE.

The second letter is from one of our gallant Allies, a Sergeant in the 85th Regt. of the Line.

"Dear Sirs," he writes, "I cannot express on paper how grateful I feel to you for the wonderful good your

Plapao-Pads have done me. My future was of many years' standing and when I left with my regiment for the front I found the truss most irritating, I never could hold properly the rupture, and during the marching it caused terrible pains. I heard from an English soldier

Sergeant Gousser,

of the experience of your Plapao-Pads and I decided to try them. Thanks to these I am now sound and well, and do not have to wear anything. I can do all my soldiering and feel in perfect comfort.—Faithfully yours, LOUIS GOUSSER, Sergeant, 85th Regt. Inf., 13e Cie.

"Compiègne, February 5th."

TRY THIS TREATMENT FREE.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery for yourself free. Everyone who adopts it is delighted.

The unsightly protrusions disappear.

The ruptured parts are drawn and held together.

With the disappearance of the Rupture there vanishes, too, the pain, the discomfort, the danger, and that awful dragging-down feeling.

You recover your strength—you feel and look better in every way. Once more you can live your life as it should be lived, and take your place again among the Rupture free.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery free. Cut out and post this Coupon to the Stuart Plaster Pad Company, 68, Aldersgate-Street, London, E.C.

By return you will receive this free trial Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a copy of Mr. Stuart's book on the Cure of Rupture, packed in sealed wrapper, and free of charge or obligation.

Write for Free Treatment to-day.

FREE PRESENTATION COUPON

Entitling it user to Free First Aid.

To STUART PLASTER PAD CO.,

68, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

I accept your offer of Free Treatment. Please send to the following address: First Aid, a trial Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a presentation copy of your book on Rupture and its Cure (in plain sealed wrapper) to—

D.M.5/4/15.

MODE THAT MAKES WOMEN YOUNGER.

Day of the Fascinating Short Skirt and Pretty Boots.

PARIS, Saturday.

My dear Friend.—The mistaken persons tried to find fault with the new full, ultra-short skirts were very much mistaken.

Never was there a fashion which was so universally becoming. Never was there a fashion which made girls and women look so youthful and so attractive.

It is really wonderful—the fascination of this new outline. One is amazed to find nearly everyone looking young.

The woman of "under-tight" seems to have disappeared suddenly. Everyone is youthful, smart and breezy.

Over here in Paris the frocks are really short. Indeed, the shortness is exaggerated. And the loveliest frocks are worn with the most high-bred taste. The latest fad is laced boots made of supple patent leather or of glace kid. The latter are in dark blue, more often than not, with black heels and patent leather toe-caps.

And if you want to be "tras, très smart"—this phrase came to me the other afternoon from a little Parisienne, who prides herself on speaking three languages "brokenly"—you will have high-faced boots made of pale tan gabardine with nut-brown leather toe-caps and nut-brown laces, finished off with jaunty tassels.

LEATHER BUTTONS.

I saw boots of this order in the Bois a few days ago, and drew them on in conjunction with a tailor-made in pale tan gabardine which had nut-brown leather buttons. The ensemble was perfect.

Many of the Parisiennes are wearing high boots made of white duchess, or pale tan leather with navy blue serice frocks.

The effect is just a little startling, and, personally, I prefer boots that tone with the material of the costume; all the same, these high white boots, with black heels and toe-caps, are immensely chic. They say that we shall wear very high boots made of white canary or linen when the summer months come along. These, of course, to be worn with white gowns.

I am sending you a sketch which would be just the right thing for your new walking suit. The material of the original model—the creation of a very famous Parisian tailor—was pale

ing erect at the left side.

It was worn with a black frieze tailor-made, which had rever and cuffs of parma-violet velvet with an immensely effective marlet japonica stand-

ing erect at the left side. It was worn with a black frieze tailor-made, which had rever and cuffs of parma-violet velvet with an effective touch of dull silver on the high collar.—Yours devoted friend,

NADINE.

I have just seen one of these shapes in the Place Vendome. It was made of parma-violet velvet with an immensely effective marlet japonica stand-

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WELSH FISHERMEN WHO TRAWL FOR SALMON FROM CORACLES.

9.294 F

9.294 F



The fishermen carry their coracles on their heads.

9.294 F

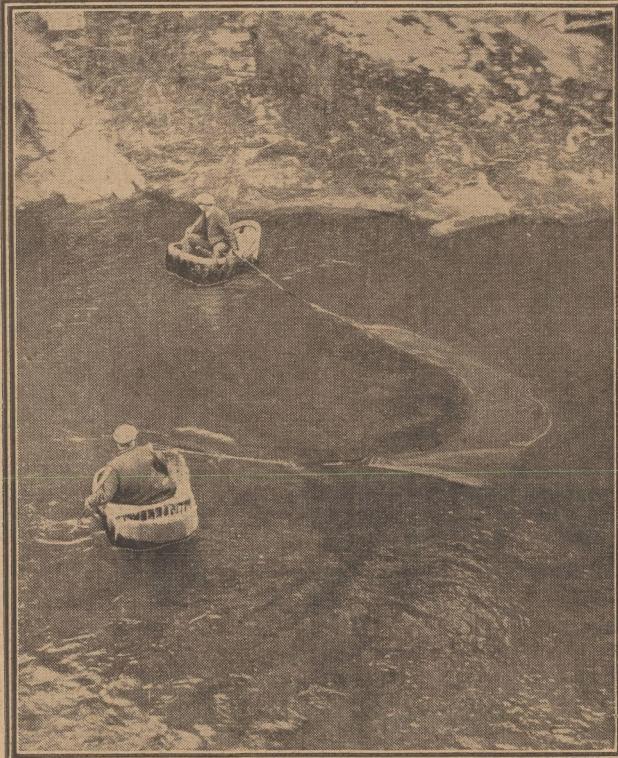
9.294 F



Going down to the River Towy.

9.294 F

A typical coracle fisherman.



How they fish. The net is dragged behind the coracles.

9.294 F



Returning to the bank after the day's work.

The fishermen of Kilgerran, Pembrokeshire, still employ the coracle, the small flat-bottomed craft which the ancient Britons used. The season lasts from the middle of February until September, and the most profitable fish is the salmon. It is sold locally



Repairing a coracle with pitched canvas.

to dealers, and a great deal finds its way to London. When the water is clear they are only able to fish at night, and their method of trawling is illustrated in one of the pictures.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

SPORTSMEN MEET ARTISTS: ARMY RUGBY MATCH AT RICHMOND.

9.45 520

9.45 530



The Sportsman's Battalion, who, for various reasons, were unable to put their full strength into the field, lost their Rugby match against the Artists at the Richmond Athletic Ground on Saturday. They were only able to get six points against their



opponents' twenty. The actual score was three goals (one dropped) and two tries to two tries. The pictures show an Artist tackled and a good pass by the winners.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes CONSTIPATION.
That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION.

CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

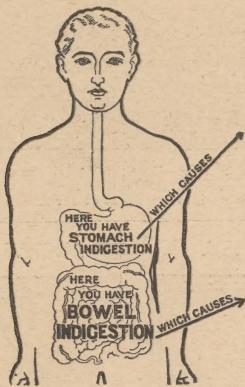
You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and, as a consequence, your food is not digesting but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore, your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach In-



Mrs. L. M. of Merton writes:— "I suffered for two years with acute Acid Dyspepsia. I had both hospital and home treatment and many patent medicines, but grew steadily worse, and was put on pre-digested food, which at last I was unable to take, and I gave up all hopes of ever getting better; then I noticed your Cicfa advertisement in several papers, so I sent for a sample, and from the first dose I felt a different woman. I continued the treatment, and now I am perfectly well. I can eat anything I fancy, and I enjoy and retain it. Cicfa is wonderful. I feel I must thank you, for I know that but for Cicfa I should now be dead. I wish you would tell every Indigestion sufferer, for these are facts."

Mr. DAVID, of London, N., writes:— "Dear Sirs—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 1½d. tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 25 years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion. Cicfa has cured me, and I hope that you will publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,—Yours truly, F. L. DAVID."

K. E., of Lewisham, writes:— "I have intended writing you, but have been waiting to make sure I am cured. It is weeks now since I finished my second tube of Cicfa. I have taken none since, and I have had no return of the Indigestion in either Stomach or Bowel; so I can safely say I am cured. I shall always bless the day I wrote for your free sample. The second day of taking Cicfa I felt a trifle better, and now I feel ten years younger. Previous to taking Cicfa I was in a bad state of depression and misery. I could not eat or drink anything and keep it down for long. I used to hate going out anywhere, as I had such an INTENSE BURNING PAIN BEHIND MY LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, and the acid would suddenly rise into my mouth and cause me to vomit. I often turned so giddy, too, that I would have to lie down anywhere I sat, and in the evenings going to bed was a torture. I have tried all sorts of things and all kinds of treatments, but I got into such a low state that nothing did me any good until I took Cicfa. I tell everyone I have of having Indigestion how Cicfa cured me, and my advice to all Indigestion sufferers is: 'Don't wait and put it off, but get Cicfa at once and try it for yourself.' Believe me, gratefully yours, K. E."

digestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any Remedy which can Cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

You can purchase a tube of Cicfa for 1s. 1½d., or 3 times as many tablets in a 2s. 9d. tube, from your chemist, or if you will wait for the post, we will send you a liberal sample on receipt of 1d. stamp with your name and address, and the coupon below.

**GASES in Stomach, or eructations,
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES,
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn,
TONGUE coated white all over,
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples,
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally,
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.**

**GASES in Bowel, or Flatulence,
Dull, heavy HEADACHES,
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism,
TONGUE coated yellow at back,
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty,
EATING disliked or loathed,
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth,
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.**

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your Digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING.—Let no person impose upon you by selling you one of the 47 worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7½d.) now on the market.

Get Cicfa NOW (price 1/12 & 2/9), or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and **one penny stamp for postage**, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



CAPSULOID (1909) Ltd.,
79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London.

"Daily Mirror," 5/4/15.

Fontin's

The "Sunday Pictorial" Yesterday Achieved Another Record

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

TAFFETA COATEE.

In Cupboard

Blue taffeta and gabardine coatee with cerise facings and gold frogs. The hat has cerise heron mounts.—(Creation Ernest.)

WOUNDED MEN TRANSPORTED BY STEAMER.

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "The Daily Mirror" has rapidly become the best and most interesting paper for soldiers at the front, for friends abroad, and for readers wishing to keep a record of the War in news and pictures. Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months, 10s.; elsewhere abroad, 15s.; special rate to Expeditionary Force, 6s. 6d. for thirteen weeks, or order from your newsagent, **EVERY FRIDAY**, price 3d.

Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-9, Bouvierie-street, London, E.C.



Wounded Russian soldiers being taken across the Vistula on a steamer. On the Vistula-Niemen front the Germans are fighting in retreat within a few miles of their own frontiers, and a Petrograd report says that a large number of their men are deserting. Many prisoners have fallen into the hands of our Allies.

SAILOR'S HEROISM.

P-14181

Albert Bishop, who reported an important signal while lying wounded on the deck of his ship in the Dardanelles.

KING ALBERT DECORATES BRITISH NURSE.

P-14144

Miss Muriel Thompson (x) helping to lift a stretcher from an ambulance. She is one of the three British nurses who were personally decorated by King Albert for bravery under fire. His Majesty pinned the medal on her breast.

ARCHWAY OF BATONS.

P-14180

Acting-Sergeant Cross, of the Southfields Special Constabulary, leaves the church under an archway of batons.